

The Anti-Slavery Alphabet printed for the Anti-Slavery Fair in Philadelphia, 1847



A is an Abolitionist—
A man who wants to free
The wretched slave—and give to all
An equal liberty.



B is a Brother with a skin
Of somewhat darker hue,
But in our Heavenly Father's sight,
He is as dear as you.



C is the Cotton-field, to which
This injured brother's driven,
When, as the white man's *slave*, he toils
From early morn till even.



D is the Driver, cold and stern,
Who follows, whip in hand,
To punish those who dare to rest,
Or disobey command.

Boston Athenæum

The Anti-Slavery Alphabet

Philadelphia

Printed for the Anti-Slavery Fair 1847

Merrihew&Thompson printers.

To Our Little Readers:

Listen little children, all,
Listen to our earnest call:
You are very young, 'tis true,
But there's much that you can do.
Even you can plead with men
That they buy slaves not again.
And those they have may be
Quickly set at liberty.
They may hearken what you say,
Though from us they turn away.
Sometimes when from school you walk,
You can with your playmates talk,
Tell them of the slave child's fate,
Motherless and desolate.
And you can refuse to take
Candy, sweetmeat, pie or cake,
Saying "no"-unless 'tis free-
"the slave shall not work for me."
Thus, dear little children, each
May some useful lesson teach;
Thus each one may help to free
This fair land from slavery.

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E

E is the Eagle soaring high;
An emblem of the free;
But while we chain our brother man,
Our type he cannot be.

F

F is the heart sick Fugitive,
The slave who runs away
And travels through the dreary night,
But hides himself by day.

G

G is the Gong, whose rolling sound,
Before the morning light,
Calls up the little sleeping slave,
To labor until night.

H

H is the **H**ound his master trained,
And called to scent the track,
Of the unhappy fugitive,
And bring him trembling back.

I

I is the **I**nfant, from arms
Of its fond mother torn,
And, at a public auction, sold
With horses, cows, and corn.

J

J is the **J**ail, upon whose floor
That wretched mother lay,
Until her cruel master came,
And carried her away.

K

K is the **K**idnapper, who stole
That little child and mother—
Shrieking, it clung around her, but
He tore them from each other.

L

L is the **L**ash that brutally
He swung around its head,
Threatening that “if it cried again,
He’d whip it till ‘twas dead.”

M

M is the **M**erchant of the North,
Who buys what slaves produce—
So they are stolen, whipped and worked,
For his, and for our use.

N

N is the **N**egro rambling free
In his far and distant home,
Delighting ‘neath the palm trees’ shade
And cocoa nut to roam.

O

O is the Orange tree that bloomed
Beside his cabin door,
When white men stole him from his home
To see it never more.

P

P is the Parent, sorrowing,
And weeping all alone—
The child he loved to lean upon,
His only son, is gone!

Q

Q is the Quarter where the slave
On coarsest food is fed,
And where with toil sorrow worn,
He seeks his wretched bed.

R

R is the “Rice Swamp, dank and lone,”
Where, weary day by day,
He labors till the fever wastes
His strength and life away.

S

S is the Sugar, that the slave
Is toiling hard to make,
To put into your pie and tea,
Your candy and your cake.

T

T is the rank Tobacco plant,
Raised by slave labor too:
A poisonous and nasty thing,
For gentlemen to chew.

U

U is for Upper Canada,
Where the poor slave has found
Rest after all his wanderings,
For it is British ground!

V

V is the Vessel in whose dark,
Noisome, and stifling hold,
Hundreds of Africans are packed,
Brought o'er the seas and sold.

W

W is the Whipping post,
To which the slave is bound,
While on his naked back the lash
Makes many a bleeding wound.

X

X is for Xerxes famed of yore;
A warrior stern was he
He fought with swords; let truth and love
Our only weapons be.

Y

Y is for Youth—the time for all
Bravely to war with sin;
And think not it can ever be
Too early to begin.

Z

Z is a Zealous man, sincere,
Faithful just and true
And earnest pleader for the slave—
Will you not be so too?

Source: *The Anti-Slavery Alphabet* printed for the Anti-Slavery Fair in Philadelphia (1847)